

## WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBITS.

Utah ought to be making arrangements to present a great showing at the St. Louis World's Fair, especially in minerals. Utah has a greater variety of metals and minerals than any other state and hence should have the finest exhibit. The display should be gathered with the thought of making practically the same display at St. Louis and at Portland, Oregon, the following year. Both expositions will be great advertisements for Utah if Utah will but do her part, and all the pride and patriotism of the state should be invoked to make such a showing as will be both an honor to the state and at the same time a mighty advertisement of the state's resources.

The occurrence on Monday night ought to be a notice that an increase of the police force and a better distribution of it are imperative. There was a regular fusillade of shots in Morrison's store, but no officer heard it, and when Officer Heath made his magnificent fight no other officer was within hearing of the guns.

No other city in America of the size of this has so few police officers, though this city is on the direct line across the continent and every tough run out of other cities naturally gravitates to this point. The force should be enlarged and re-distribute or every citizen could take steps to be his own body guard.

Where did the hold-up killed by Officer Heath come from? What community shipped him out to prey upon the world? It should be made a misdemeanor for officers to ever permit real criminals to escape punishment on their promise to go away. No community ought to suffer for the shirking of duty on the part of other communities. Then why are there so many criminals in our free country? There must be a sad lacking in some home training; a lack on the part of states and cities in not compelling the idle to earn their bread, for idleness is the trained nurse of crime.

There are two good signs that the great lake will rise materially in the next few months.

One is that much snow has fallen upon the adjacent mountains which, when dissolved by warm weather, will pour vast volumes of water into the lake; the other is that the storms have been general for many miles around the lake, and the melting snow will moisten the air and prevent the tremendous exaporation which has so drawn upon the lake during the past three summers.

No wonder Senator Wellington wants all fortunes above \$10,000,000 declared nuisances. Senator Wellington would not bring 10 cents in the open market and he has been an unmitigated nuisance ever since he emerged into public life.

If the motormen on the unvestibled cars were sharp, they would coax members of the Legislature to get on and ride with them a few blocks, early in the morning, or about 5 P. M. That would soon convince them that nine hours' service is enough for a day's work for street car employees.

## A Woman's Courage.

(By J. Normand.)

(Translated by Susan H. Taber)

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My earliest remembrance of my aunt Herminie pictures her in her little apartment in the boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, opposite the gymnasium. I see her sitting near the window that was kept constantly closed, her feet resting on a little foot warmer burning alike in winter and summer. Small, very thin and always in her big arm chair amidst a sea of pillows.

But this frail body, so pitifully affected by every material contact, served as a covering for a most generous soul, capable of the rarest devotion.

It was during The Reign of Terror when she was 20 years old, that her bravery, her energy, saved not only herself, but ten men with her. At that time, Aunt Hermanie, already an orphan, was living near Corbelle, in the abandoned convent of Manvoisin. There were two old women living there with her. Mde. Marichal and Mde. Badouillet, the former tall and thin and the latter fat and one-eyed. One evening \* \* \* but it were better to let Aunt Herminie tell her own story, as she used to do so often to me, interrupting herself from time to time, to take another in-jube out of her pretty enamelled box.

"So you want to hear that old story again, little one? Ah, those were stirring times! Very well then, listen: We were sitting that evening around the fire and Mde Marichal and I were talking while Mde Badouillet was sound asleep. It must have been about 10 o'clock. Outside the wind was blowing hard and there was beautiful moon-light. Oh! I remember it all so well. Suddenly there came a rap at the door.

But before I go any further, I must first tell you that a troop of soldiers had arrived at the convent that day, about a hundred in all. Their captain, a big, red-haired man, had showed us a paper giving permission to lodge over night at the convent. They had installed themselves in the chapel and spent the time drinking, singing and playing cards. It was a most infernal racket they made, but as night came on they had calmed down and were then sound asleep, pell mell all over the chapel.

You can understand, little one, that it was not a very comfortable position for three lone women. Mde Marichal's husband was away. Mde Badouillet was a widow and I am an orphan. We had locked ourselves in the hall on the ground floor between the road and the chapel and that is where we were when the knock came, as I told you. Mde. Badouillet waked up with a start, and we all three looked at each other with frightened eyes. In another moment, the knock sounded again, stronger this time. We were strongly tempted to pretend we were dead, as you may well understand. But there was no such joking allowed there and if you refused hospitality to the patriots you passed for a suspect and

it was not a long road from there to the guillotine.

Mde. Marichal began to tell her beads, and Mde. Badouillet trembled all over. Furthermore, as I was the youngest, it was clearly my duty to open the door.

Outside stood a group of men with big hats, making a black spot on the silvery road. They seemed weary and their boots were covered with dust.

My first movement was to snut the door in their face, but one of them took a step forward stretched out his hand and in a low, trembling voice said:

"Shelter, citizenness, give us shelter for the night. We are dying of fatigue. Mercy!

And a murmur ran through the whole group: "Mercy, mercy."

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Fugitives: Scouts of the Gironde. We are pursued. Save us!"

Gironnais! You will understand later, my child, what that word meant. For the present it is enough to know that they were poor people, flying from Paris and pursued and tracked by the Montaguards, that is, their enemies.

"Unhappy men," I replied, "fly as quickly as you can for the chapel is full of soldiers. If you enter here, it is all up with you."

They paused a moment, hesitating. But a pale young man, very slight, leaning on the arms of two of his companions, murmured feebly:

"What! March on further! I cannot. Go, go my friends, save yourselves and leave me here. I would rather die."

They were brave men, these Girondins. The idea of abandoning their comrade, they did not consider for a moment.

"Is there not some other place than the chapel where we could rest for two hours, oh! only two hours?" asked the one who had spoken first.

"Nothing but this room," I answered, standing aside a little. "But the chapel has no other exit than that door," and I pointed to the door at the back, "and it is through here that the soldiers go in and out. They would see you and you would be lost."

Utter discouragement was painted on the poor man's face. I have told you that the night was clear and everything was as visible as in the day.

"Adieu, citizenness," he said, simply. "The country is full of people who are pursuing us. Pray for us that we may escape." Then turning to his companions: "Let us go on," he murmured.

What could I do, child? I was distressed and my heart felt as though it would break. I understood all that they had suffered and all that they were to suffer. I looked at their stooping shoulders and their bruised feet. Certainly in letting them go, I escaped all danger, while by keeping them I exposed, not only myself, but my two companions. But what else could I do? My pity overcame all prudence, a sort of fever seized me, and just as they were about to go, I said:

"Listen, wait. There is perhaps one place, a very dangerous place."

They drew near, anxious. Behind me I could

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